

Per Year \$1.50

[illegible]

SIR PENYVERN'S WIFE

—BY—
FLORENCE WARDEN

Word, Luck & Co., Limited
TORONTO

(Continued.)

Sir Penywern remained thoughtful for a few moments. Surely a man who could not show himself ought to be easily disposed of when met with a little firmness!

"It would be worth a five-pound note to you if you would take me to him," suggested he, persuasively. Webbing's eyes glistened.

"I don't do it, for fifty pounds," he said dolefully. "You don't know Finch. When he turns nasty, well, there's nobody in this world to beat him at it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Penywern with an inspiration. "A bad-tempered man, is he? Hot and hasty?"

"I believe you!"

"A man who wouldn't hesitate, say, at shooting another man who offended or wronged him?"

Webbing, however, gave him a shrewd and stealthy look, and made no further admission.

"And it was from this man that you carried a letter to Lady Tradescant?"

"Yes, I had to."

"And you expected to find a letter to carry back to Finch, when she had had time to read the one she received?"

"Well, yes. That was what I expected."

"And why didn't Finch take it himself?"

"I've told you. He didn't dare. He can't go up to the Hall, and his lady, ship won't go and meet him outside."

"He expects her to do that?"

"He wants her to. So he tells me. But she won't come. I suppose she's afraid."

"We must try and get her to change her mind," said Sir Penywern in a very dry tone. "For my part, I shall do my best to bring about a meeting between them."

"Things would straighten out if only you would arrange that, Sir Penywern," said Webbing earnestly.

The baronet looked at him keenly. "And what would you get out of it, for you to be so keen about the meeting?"

"If he keeps his word to me—and for that matter I'd take care that he should—it would be worth perhaps as much as ten pounds," said Webbing.

Sir Penywern ground his teeth. The thought that his unfortunate wife was in the power of a group of wretches who were scheming and plotting to grind the last penny out of her fears and her distresses incensed him to the point of frenzy. It was as much as he could do to refrain from twisting the neck of the frankly cynical gentleman who was admitting so plainly his own share in the sordid business.

But it was the moment for self-repression and discretion, and he controlled his temper.

"Well," he said, "we must see what we can do. In the meantime I should like to know where I can find you again."

Webbing pointed up the street to a little shop which jutted out from its fellows.

"That's where I'm lodging," said he. "In two little rooms over Pent's the stationers."

"May I ask what calling you follow?"

"Well, Sir Penywern, I'm a little bit of everything. I do reporting, copying, anything in that line. And I'm a bit of an artist as well; most years I have a little thing or two in the Academy show."

"And what brings you down here?"

"I'm doing a set of sketches in water-color, for a gentleman who's had one series from me already."

"And may I ask how you came across Mr. Finch?"

"I hope you won't be shocked, Sir Penywern, if I confess it was at the village 'hostelry' acknowledged Webbing with a laugh.

They were walking up the street, and they now stopped outside the Pent's shop.

Webbing put his latch-key into the lock of the side-door.

"Will you come upstairs, Sir Penywern, and see my sketches?" he said.

But Sir Penywern was anxious to get back to the Hall, and he was by this time satisfied that this was Webbing's lodging.

"Thanks. No," he said, trying not to be too curt. "Good-night."

CHAPTER XVI.

Daphne, in her room at Redgrave Hall, was lying, hysterical and hunched, on the couch at the foot of the bed, while Lady Acrise and Salter fussed about her, peering into her face with anxious looks, making remarks about her pallor in disconcerting asides, and hissing whispers, and generally doing all that they should have left undone, with the best possible intentions.

Daphne had come in from the terrace in a state of fearful excitement, had roused her aunt's nervous fears by her behavior, and finally had caused still more alarm by falling on to a sofa in an outburst of violent weeping, the reason for which she would not explain.

Lady Acrise, after flying about the drawing-room in a state of frantic helplessness, had rung the bell, given incoherent orders to the servant who appeared, and had at last helped Salter to take Daphne upstairs.

During the two hours which passed before Sir Penywern came back they continued their ministrations, without producing any but inadequate results.

"Where is the new recruit?"

"Well, sir, since he went, an hour or two ago, to sew on a button with gun cotton, no one seems to have seen anything of him."

"Teacher won't let me in school."

"Geel! You're always lucky."

Life.

Daphne's tears still flowed at intervals, even when she lay quietly on the couch with her eyes closed.

Lady Acrise at last dismissed the maid, in order to have a confidential talk with her niece.

"Daphne," she said, "this can't go on. I should never forgive myself if I were to allow you to remain here, living this horrible life with a husband who doesn't understand you, doesn't sympathize with you, doesn't make allowance for your situation."

"What do you mean, Aunt Valerie?" asked Daphne feebly.

"Well, you are a very young woman, and he is a man of settled tastes and habits, which don't interest you, isn't that so?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. But it isn't his fault."

"No, of course it's not. But you are suffering from the situation."

Daphne shook her head. She knew that this was not the root of the matter. But, then, her aunt knew it, too. And neither lady wished to dwell upon a subject which, while it was constantly in their thoughts, would not admit of free discussion.

Lady Acrise was constitutionally averse from the discussion of other people's trials, except behind their backs, when one could be epigrammatic and wicked without restraint.

Besides, this trouble of Daphne's was no ordinary one, and might reflect upon the family if it were to be freely discussed. On the whole it was better ignored.

"At any rate," she went on, when Daphne showed no disposition to help her, "you don't seem to be happy together, and the longer I stay here the more certain I feel that a temporary separation—oh, yes, temporary, of course," she hurried on, putting up her hand to warn her niece not to interrupt, "would be the best thing possible for you."

Daphne struggled languidly to her elbow.

"I think so, too, aunt," she said gravely. "I think I should like to go away with you."

Now that she had so unexpectedly gained her point, Lady Acrise was for the moment rather dazed. A nice kind as was Daphne's might be a somewhat depressing companion; she might even draw her aunt into some of the scandal in which she had managed to wind herself.

Lady Acrise, while smiling and affecting to be pleased at her niece's decision, began to wonder whether it was altogether right to come between husband and wife, and whether it would be fair to Sir Penywern to take his wife away from him.

Daphne did not understand.

"I'll come with you, Aunt Valerie," she said, "on condition, of course, that I'm allowed to pay all my own expenses. I suppose you will be going to the sea, won't you, when the London season's over?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, dear! At any rate, we can have a few weeks in town together, which I am sure you will enjoy. And then, well, then we can take stock of the position again, and if Sir Penywern very much wants you back, and you think it right to go—"

"He won't want me back," said Daphne with decision. She lay back for a few moments, and suddenly caught an expression on her aunt's features which set her thinking. "Do you want me, either?" she inquired suddenly.

"Of course I do my dear child. There's nothing I wish for more in the world than to be able to restore my dear Daphne back to her old happy self."

Daphne shivered and lay still.

"Thank you, Aunt Valerie, then I'll come," she said in a whisper.

She knew that her aunt was not so anxious to have her as she had seemed to be before her niece had agreed to come. But on the other hand, Sir Penywern was certainly less anxious still to keep in his vicinity a wife who had proved to be an utter failure in every respect.

So Daphne lay quietly, with closed eyes, considering the matter settled and not feeling any relief from the thought, until the footsteps of her husband started up and sat, trembling, against the head of the couch.

Lady Acrise, foreseeing a domestic storm, ran to her niece, kissed her and consoled with her effusively, and then disappeared hurriedly by way of the dressing room as Sir Penywern knocked at the door.

(To Be Continued.)

On Coastguard Duty

Extracts From the Diary of a Boy Scout Who Is Doing His Bit

Tuesday, January 19: H— and I slept together in this "bungalow." We were warm and comfortable (sleeping six hours in a stretch).

The bungalows were filthy, but we have now made them quite decent. They are old railway carriages well fitted up inside but for beds. Well, last night H— had a sort of couch affair and I had the table, but I put all the new overcoats (which, by the way, are quite military and very fine) on the table and thus made a very soft bed. We now sleep four in each bungalow.

The coastguard station and houses are a good twenty minutes' walk from this lookout box. We are quite isolated here except for the two bungalows in which our chaps live. We are not allowed to leave our enclosures as we are liable to be shot; the coast is entrenched and the enemy passes every quarter of an hour, relieving the monotony by a cheery "Good night" or "Here again!"

The accent of these north country people is very funny, and we are known as "scotts." The weather is perfect and we are all happy.

"Where is the new recruit?"

"Well, sir, since he went, an hour or two ago, to sew on a button with gun cotton, no one seems to have seen anything of him."

"Teacher won't let me in school."

"Geel! You're always lucky."

Life.

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Boy Scout Notes

World-Wide Work in Fostering Better Understanding Between All Countries

The Headquarters Gazette, the official organ of the Boy Scout Movement in England, tells how Boy Scouts may render a distinct service, not only in defeating the enemy, but in helping Great Britain to overcome certain material weaknesses, and in fostering a better mutual understanding between all countries.

After referring to the fact that the war has awakened England to a realization that she must organize her trade to meet every demand from the different corners of the earth if she wishes to be on a level footing with Germany, the writer says: "Our business in the Scouts, then, is to awaken the rising generation to their future responsibilities, to keep them out of the groove which they have fallen into, and to encourage among them the development of individual inventiveness, initiative, technical study and skill, honesty in dealing, knowledge of foreign languages and foreign lands, tact, foresight, and physical health to give the requisite energy and endurance, not merely to defeat our foes, but to improve the standard of our output of peaceful industry."

Then calling attention to the immediate necessity of developing and holding the goodwill and friendship of all neutral nations, the writer again finds work for Boy Scouts: "We have brother Scouts in all those countries," he says, "the rulers, the thinkers and workers of the near future. Let us link ourselves all the closer with them. We have a big possibility in our hands if we can entice our boys to keep up a correspondence as brother Scouts with those of foreign countries, in order to bring about a better mutual understanding by telling them of our high aim in the war; of the brave doings of our men; and of what they are suffering to uphold the ideal of honor and justice for other nations."

In a letter to the Manchester Guardian, His Lordship Bishop Well-Don, Dean of the Anglican Church in Manchester, England, tells why the Boy Scout movement should be supported. "The Boy Scout movement," he says, "commends itself to me alike on physical, moral and national grounds. For in a day when the deterioration of physique is a grave and growing evil, particularly in the slums of large cities, it demands of all its members constant, healthy physical exercise. Not only so, but it encourages the habits of obedience and co-operation; it teaches boys to receive and obey the word of command; it invests daily life with a new significance. But the supreme value, perhaps, of the Boy Scout movement is that under it every boy must every day render some service to somebody else; he must do a good turn; he must help a comrade or a stranger out of the mire; he must act in the true spirit of Christian citizenship. The result is that the Boy Scouts become good patriots, and as there is no regard to creed or class in the movement, it teaches boys the lesson of racial and social unity—that they must act together, and think well one of another, and try to minimize instead of aggravating the differences which part them."

There is nothing so democratic as a uniform, and with all its Wild West picturesqueness the Boy Scout's costume is a uniform. Dress is the greatest of caste barriers. The Scouts' organization has drawn in a very wide range of classes. In multi some Boy Scouts are poor and badly dressed, others well-to-do and well dressed, but on a Saturday in uniform they are all dressed alike. Their uniform symbolizes a fraternity in which all are equal, with a common ideal, a common occupation, and above all a common code of honor.

Lieutenant Pechkoff, an officer of the Foreign Legion, and son of "Maxim Gorky," the Russian novelist, in addressing the members of the Canadian Club of Ottawa on Saturday, October 28th, read the following letter received by him from an American lady living in North Carolina and replying to a letter of condolence which on his arrival on this continent a few days earlier he had addressed to her concerning the death of her son, Kiffin Rockwell, a Harvard graduate, who had been a member of Lieutenant Pechkoff's company of the Foreign Legion:

"My Dear Lieutenant,—How your letter cheered and comforted me. Just to hear from someone who knew my faithful boy, who had lately seen him. Ah, yes, my great loss is all the greater because Kiffin was just the boy he was. But I am not rebellious. Just before going to the front last May with the American escadre he wrote these words, his last that referred to death: 'Mother, if I die, I want you to know that I have died as every man ought to die, fighting for what is right. I do not feel that I am fighting for France alone, but for the cause of all humanity, the greatest of all causes.' So my brave boy is gone, but he leaves a beautiful memory."

An old negro was charged in a West Indian Police Court with chicken-stealing, and the magistrate said: "Where's your lawyer?"

"Ain't got none, sah."

"But you ought to have one," returned the court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No sah, no sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the magistrate. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', sah," said the old man confidentially, "Ah wants ter enjy dem chickens mahself."

AND THE FATHER SAW HIM—

By J. D. A. Evans

"If Herbert Wootton, formerly of Wolvercombe, Devon, England, and last heard of in or near the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, will communicate with Messrs. Appleton & Sebright, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, he will learn of something greatly to his advantage."

The above notice appeared in the columns of a Winnipeg newspaper during the autumn of a year in the nineties. The request pertained to an individual many old-time residents of the city may remember; and in particular will people dwelling within the agricultural districts adjacent to Winnipeg at the period mentioned possess a recollection of him.

On the rugged coast of Devon stands a certain Manor House. This is known as Wolvercombe. It is a very one of the ancestral homes of England. Mrs. Hemans has so beautifully portrayed. The mansion is situated amidst oak trees which have weathered winter's storms, and are the William the Conqueror defeated Harold at the Battle of Hastings.

The picture gallery at Wolvercombe contains paintings of Woottons who have played a prominent part in the politics and naval dramas of Britain. Within the pages of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" we may read of Wolvercombe village with its small stream meandering in front of the whitewashed cottages; allusion is likewise made to the ancient church by various writers of poetry and romance.

Christmas Day, 189—. A flurry of snow has swept over the countryside. At the Manor House are assembled a large party of guests; it is traditional at Wolvercombe to celebrate Yuletide after the fashion of long years since. But, one member of the Wootton family is absent—Herbert, eldest son of the House. He is spending Christmas on Manitoba's prairies. As he sits within his lonely home, perchance thoughts are wandering across the seas. In the early springtime of two years before he had departed to seek sanctuary in a far-off land. The angry father, and

Yet at Wolvercombe broken chords were vibrating even if dimly could the sound be heard. A mother's love has never failed to vibrate in the heart of a son, and it is not the true spirit of Christmas, the goodwill which must circle the world in all centuries yet to be?

Within a few days following Wootton's arrival in Winnipeg, he secured employment with a farmer within a district from which Bird's Hill is plainly visible. For upwards of two years Wootton remained, then selected a quarter section on Manitoba's homesteading purposes within a locality which as the crow may fly is distant some thirty miles eastward of the city. Four years passed away, he continued his daily toil; during this period, as with the two years previous, no communication transpired between the Manor House at Wolvercombe and himself. But over his father's horizon was hovering a dark cloud. In the autumn of 189—, he was stricken with sickness, and a celebrated specialist gravely stated the patient's condition as very precarious. Then arose within the father's mind the wish that Herbert should be searched for, urged to return. As a result of the paternal attitude, an advertisement towards that end appeared in a Winnipeg daily paper, a copy of which was brought to Wootton by a neighbor who had noticed the strange request. For some days Wootton wondered for what purpose the notice had been inserted. Perhaps—However, he decided to come into Winnipeg and cable the solicitors. He did so; the following morning a message in reply was received. The wording of that communication was simple; a return home, for the expenses of which journey a large sum upon a Manitoba Street banking establishment would be mailed. During the second week of December he left Winnipeg, having made plans to arrive at home in time for Christmas.

The early hours of Christmas Eve, The Allan liner Sardinian is proceeding up the Mersey to the Alexandra dock. Ere traffic in the great city of Liverpool has commenced its daily routine, Wootton is driving through Dale and Lord streets to the North-western station. The Birmingham Limited speeds southward; he changes trains at Bristol; towards the noon hour the towers of the Cathedral Church at Exeter are in sight. A few minutes after three o'clock Wootton stepped upon the platform at Atterworth, nearest railway point to Wolvercombe. At the station gate stands the Vicar, to whom he had telegraphed from Liverpool. Along the lanes of the high banks prance the horses; presently the lodge gates of the Manor are seen. At the door of the lodge a father and mother await their son, the Vicar having informed them of Herbert's arrival in England that morning. With the assistance of Mrs. Wootton, the father has walked from the Manor House; a certain must be drawn across the scene which ensued as the carriage appeared in sight.

"But the father saw him . . . towards him . . . kissed him. For this my son was dead, and is alive; he was lost, and is found."

The eldest son of the house of Wootton had returned to the home of his forefathers. In the village of Wolvercombe, such a Christmas Day followed had never been known

within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, that Yuletide when the present Squire returned from foreign parts.

Wootton has not forgotten Winnipeg, or his once lonely farm home within a district which in 1916 forms one of Manitoba's best agricultural domains. He may revisit the scenes some day; he is the fortunate owner of property situated in a most delightful suburban district of the city.

Where Is Your Hired Girl?

(From an Address in Omaha by Congressman Meeker, of St. Louis)

"I'm not asking you now, 'Where is your wandering boy tonight?' I'm asking you where is your hired girl this minute? You don't know, and you don't care. The school teachers, the department store girls, the stenographers and all other classes have privileges this girl has not. They can go home from the office, walk into the front door of anyone's home, sit down and play the piano and enjoy a social evening with the family. But the hired girl is met at the front door by the boss of the house, who says: 'You get around to the back door where you belong, and stay in the kitchen and go up the back stairs.' Then she is given the worst room in the house to sleep in."

"Where do these girls find their companions? When a man comes to call on one of them she can enter into the kitchen. If he doesn't like to sit on the washbasin he can sit in the sink. If he doesn't like either, they can go outside and walk up and down the sidewalk. If they're tired of that they can go to the dance hall. There are those three places open to them. While the young people have to sit in the kitchen or go out to the dance hall, where's the lady of the house? She's gone to some reform meeting."

"I tell you the treatment you're giving your hired girl is what's driving girls to ruin, and you have been taught to think it was the saloons. Yes, and you women thought you could save them by marching at the head of a prohibition parade."

Reading and Thinking

We believe that a man's reading is quite a reliable indication of his business. The man who keeps abreast of the times and knows how and why other men are succeeding in his line of work is usually to be numbered among those successful men. This may be the reason why there are fewer absolute failures among dairy farmers than among some other classes of men. Or, possibly it is because the dairy business does demand thinkers, men who read intelligently, that those of the other type hesitate to engage in it. Whichever is true, it merely proves that a strong, well-fed mind is as essential in dairy farming as a strong, well-fed body.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Bacon: They say in some countries they eat giraffes.

Egbert. Great guns! Think of getting the neck!—Yonkers Statesman.

BRITAIN'S FORESIGHT SAVES WORLD FROM BIG RISE IN COST OF RUBBER

Financing and Fostering of Rubber Plantations in Her Colonies Now Proving a Boon to the Consumer in Keeping Prices Down

When the British Government some years ago began to take an active interest in fostering the rubber industry, and finally succeeded in practically cornering the rubber market, it is far from probable that the wisdom shown in this connection was properly appreciated at the inception of the movement. Subsequent events show quite clearly that had not this been done, rubber, in common with almost every commodity, would have greatly increased in price, instead of which it is obtainable today at not only pre-war prices, but in some cases below the prices obtaining some time ago.

In 1893 Brazil was producing practically all of the world's supply of rubber. With commendable foresight Great Britain realized the coming importance of rubber products, and about that time took an interest in the establishment of plantations in her tropical colonies, so that when the motor industry and allied manufactures brought about a sharp demand for the product, Great Britain was prepared to meet the conditions. Today it is estimated that over 75 per cent of the world's supply of crude rubber is controlled by British interests.

While in 1910 the total production of rubber was about 70,500 tons, with the price at \$3 a pound, the estimated amount of crude rubber used in 1916 was approximately 202,000 tons, with the price between 60 and 70 cents a pound, or just about half the price asked at the commencement of the war.

The public in general, perhaps unfamiliar with the conditions, may not properly realize the benefit that is derived from this state of affairs. Leather has advanced in price steadily since the opening of the war, until the hide is worth today as much as was paid for the whole animal not so long ago. By the aid of Government control, the individual is able to purchase rubbers or overshoes, or even motor tires at the same old price, or even cheaper than some time ago. It is stated that Great Britain has recently given a single order for two million pairs of hip-length rubber boots for the soldiers. This order required the use of fourteen million pounds of rubber and other materials, yet we do not hear of any advance in price "on account of the war."

Rubber appears to be rapidly superseding leather in footwear, owing to the difference in price, and in winter weather a great saving can be effected by the substitution. While the cost of certain chemicals and fabrics used in the manufacture of rubber footwear, and the higher prices paid for labor may have some effect on the price of the manufactured article, the indications are that, leather being so expensive, rubbers and rubber overshoes will be more than ever popular this year.

Steer Feeding in Winter Profitable

Winter Fed Steers Brought a Good Profit to One Farmer

One Saskatchewan farmer writing in the Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg, says a great deal depends on the type of steer and also the system of farming practised. He says:

"In a great many districts we find that stock raising must be practised to get the most out of the farm. In our own case about one-third of the farm is waste land, and to utilize it we have a herd of Shorthorn cattle, a few cows of which we milk regularly. Naturally every year we have 10 or 20 steers to put on the market. At one time I shipped these in the fall and took whatever I could get for them. Of late years, however, I have been marketing them in the spring, and though there is considerably more work entailed I have noticed that it more than pays. For instance, last fall I had 15 steers weighing around 1,000 pounds, which would have brought approximately \$7 or \$8 after deducting expenses. However, we held them through the winter, feeding them green

cut oats, and we gave them a certain amount of prairie hay. Roughage was their only feed until near the first of March. About the 1st of March we commenced feeding them oats and barley chopped, about half and half, at the rate of three or four pounds a day, gradually increasing the ration until they were getting 12 pounds in the early part of May. These steers were sold the first week in June, weighing on an average 1,200 pounds at \$9.75 on the Winnipeg market, netting approximately \$8.25 at the farm. Thus each steer averaged \$103. \$43 per head better than they would have brought in the fall. The grain fed, at one and a half cents a pound, was worth approximately \$11 per steer, leaving \$32 for roughage and labor, which I consider a good return."

Mr. William Duthie, an Aberdeen shire farmer, has just sold a six-month-old roan clipper bull calf for \$11,550, which is said to be a record price.

"What are all those statistics about?"

"I don't know, but I think the orator is making a dry speech."

Nervous Dyspepsia

The Modern Scourge and How to Meet it.

The speed at which we live, the hustle now so necessary for success have unfortunately a very adverse effect on the nervous and digestive systems of Canadians. The baneful results, increased lately to an alarming degree, often lay the seeds of more deadly trouble, but it will be satisfactory to learn of the ever-increasing popularity in the Dominion, of the Great British Remedy, Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Ramsay Colles, J.P. of the City of Dublin, a man of high eminence in the scientific world, says:—"I have great pleasure in expressing my satisfaction as to the curative effect of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in cases of nerve troubles. From several cases which have lately come under my notice I am able to form the opinion that Dr. Cassell's Tablets constitute a safe and reliable family remedy, and appear to be specially effective for nerve and bodily weakness."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and of great therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve, Digestive, and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for Dyspepsia, Nervous Breakdown, Stomach Catarrh, Kidney Disease, Nerve and Spinal Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Rickets, St. Vitus' Dance, Anemia, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, Headache, Palpitation, Wasting Diseases, Vital Exhaustion, Loss of Flesh, and Premature Decay. Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto; 1 tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1915

A very HAPPY NEW YEAR 1917

THE CALL Wishes all our Readers at Home and Abroad, and all our Advertisers and Job Printing Customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Wonderful Increase in Trade

An Ottawa despatch says Canada's trade keeps on growing by unprecedented leaps and bounds. All records are monthly being smashed, and the November trade figures, issued by Hon. Dr. Reid created a further new record. The aggregate trade for the month of November was \$182,249,741, as against \$108,149,475 for the same month of 1915. For the eight months of the fiscal year the total trade was \$1,765,444,975. By the end of the fiscal year the total trade will reach nearly the two billion dollar figure. There are enormous increases in both exports and imports, although the balance of trade for the eight months is nearly two hundred million dollars in favor of Canada. The exports for the month were \$106,558,950, as against \$97,831,916 in 1915; and the imports were \$72,860,791, as against \$45,217,559 in November, 1915. For the eight months the total exports were \$731,592,639, against \$419,362,616 in 1915, and the imports were \$534,852,286, against \$298,232,802 in the same period of 1915.

Courage for the New Year

Have the courage to start right and keep right.

To spend all your money in your own town.

To be true to yourself and to your home-town.

To turn from evil and to cling to that which is good.

To wear your old clothes until you can pay for new.

To prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

To subscribe for your local paper and pay for it in advance.

To discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

To obey your conscience at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

To own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

To do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

To speak to a friend in a "sneaky" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

To speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

To show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

To "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices".

Have the courage to stand by your convictions, be both courteous and firm, making no compromise with evil, not turning into by and forbidden paths; choose the right, reject the wrong; be good and do good, and then you will have a Happy New Year.

An endeavor is being made to organize a "Non-partizan League" and it is proposed to have candidates to contest every seat in Alberta at the next provincial election in the interests of the new party. To become a member of the new league it costs \$15 and then one must derive 65 per cent of his or her income from farming. It may be worth fifteen plunks to get away from either of the old parties, but what will the league do with the seats?

Don't forget to write it. 1917

Buy an Irrigated Farm From The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

BECAUSE:

Irrigation makes the farmer independent of rainfall, and insures good crops, not occasionally, but every year.

Irrigation makes possible the successful culture of alfalfa, the king of fodders, which insures best returns in dairying and mixed farming.

Irrigation means intensive farming and close settlement, with all the advantages of a densely populated agricultural community.

Irrigation in the Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigation Block is no longer an experiment, the year 1914 having amply demonstrated its success wherever intelligently applied.

You can buy irrigated land from the Canadian Pacific Railway at prices ranging from \$25 to \$75 per acre, with twenty years to pay and the privilege of a loan of \$2,000.00 for improvements (10% interest); no principal payment at end of first or second years and no water rental for first year. Assistance is also given in supplying stock in approved instances.

This is the most liberal offer of irrigated farm land on record. Get full particulars from

ALLAN CAMERON, Gen. Supt. of Lands,
Desk 35, Dept. of Natural Resources, Canadian Pacific Railway,
CALGARY, ALBERTA



New Prices Aug. 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1, 1916

| | | |
|-------------|---|----------|
| Chassis | - | \$460.00 |
| Runabout | - | 475.00 |
| Touring Car | - | 495.00 |
| Couplet | - | 695.00 |
| Town Car | - | 780.00 |
| Sedan | - | 880.00 |

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there will be no guarantee against an advanced price at any time.

UNIVERSAL MOTORS LTD.,

W. R. McKie, Manager,

LICENSED DEALER.

GLEICHEN

Ford Motor Company
OF CANADA, Limited

HOW IS THIS?

White Enamel Iron Bed Set

\$13.00

The Bed

Bed extra strong and well made. It is finished in snow white enamel with a hard washable surface. Fitted with easy roller casters.

The Mattress

Well filled mattress with fine curled wood fibre and top over laid with good curled cotton.

The Springs

The frame of the springs is made of selected kiln-dried wood nicely finished and will not warp. Strong and flexible.

At The Gleichen Furniture Store

Put Your Shoulder

TO THE WHEEL

for a Bigger Lift to help make
1917

the Greatest and Best year in
Alberta's history. That's the
practical way to carry out
your New Year Resolutions.
So say Ramsay from the Busi-
est and Best store in Alberta.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Merry Christmas was had.

K. of P. election of officers to-
night—Thursday.

It is said Pte. Percy Kingsmith
has won promotion.

Chris. Anderson, wife and family
of Standard spent a day in town
last week.

Turkeys 20 cents a pound. What
does the Royal Commission know
about that?

The local Masons are having some
big doings tonight. At 5:30 the
Red lodge install officer, at 8 the
Blue lodge does the same and after
that the brothers and their ladies
banquet.

Yes, The Call observed Xmas
and some interesting items will be
left over for next-year. Among
them a letter from Charles Mar-
shall's mother and another from
our old friend, Chief Jack Roberts.

No further news has been heard
of the E. Elder mystery. Strange
our police have not been consulted.
Had they, we venture to say, some
real action would be the result. We
have learned that his mother is at
Queenstown anxiously awaiting in-
formation as well as his sister in a
Calgary hospital. He has two bro-
thers enlisted.

Howard George Hayes rode the
K. of P. goat twice last Thursday
night and then was able to take the
train for the States. He said he
would not return until April and
would bring back a goat if he could
find anything more frisky across the
line.

The Calgary newspapers rejoice
that their Indian friends have
\$3,000 to spend and that a detach-
ment of R.N.W.M. Police was de-
spatched to look after them. Our
Blackfoot friends only got \$92,000
the past two weeks and the only
worry our police has is how much
extraordinary Calgarians would add
to them. Some difference—what?

The benefit of good example was
illustrated the other day at Pinches
Creek when two treaty Indians, Nell
Yellow Plums and Charlie Grier,
brought in the sum of \$20 as a con-
tribution to the Canadian Patriotic
Fund. These two men had seen in
the papers that another Indian, Big
Swan, had given \$10 to the Fund
and they were not to be outdone in
their generosity, so they came with
smaller amounts. If the white peo-
ple of Southern Alberta contribute
on the same scale, the Patriotic
Fund will be subscribed several
times over.

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act
of Alberta and in the matter of E.
Hawthorne trading as the Farmers
Supply Company of Gleichen, and
Matthews & Kilney, and P. K.
McKay of Gleichen.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to
the provisions of the Bulk Sales Act
of Alberta, that the above named
purchasers, having purchased from
the above named vendor certain goods
ware and merchandise in bulk, has
paid to the undersigned, as Official
Assignee, the purchase price thereof,
consisting of money amounting in all
to \$797.52 as required by the said
Act.

The creditors of the said vendor are
hereby notified to meet in the office
of the Trust and Guarantee Com-
pany, Limited, at 220 Eighth Avenue
West, Calgary, Alberta, at the hour
of 3 o'clock in the afternoon on Fri-
day, the 28th day of December, 1916,
for the purpose of the giving of direc-
tions with reference to the disposal of
the said moneys.

Every creditor or person claiming to
be entitled to rank on the said
moneys and securities is required to
deliver or send post paid to the un-
dersigned Official Assignee on or be-
fore the 15th day of January, A. D.
1917, particulars of the claim, verified
by statutory declaration and such
vouchers as the nature of the claim ad-
mits and stating whether he holds
any security for his claim or any part
thereof, and putting a special
value on such a security (if any) in
accordance with the said Act.

Filed at Calgary, Alberta, this 15th
day of December, A. D. 1916.

THE TRUST AND GUARANTEE
COMPANY, LIMITED
Official Assignee.

H. A. HOWARD,
Manager.

LOANS FOR LIVESTOCK

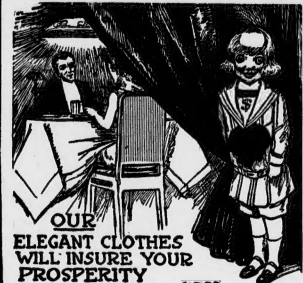
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE is prepared to
encourage the development of the Western livestock industry
by extending liberal credits to good farmers to purchase breeder
and feeder livestock.

FINISH THE FEEDERS IN CANADA KEEP THE HEIFERS AT HOME

In 1915 about 45,000 head of feeder cattle were taken from
the Winnipeg stock yards for distribution among farmers in the
Northwestern States, representing a serious loss to Western
Canadian farmers.

We wish to assist in stopping this movement. Consult us
before selling unfinished stock. If you must sell, let us try
to find you a buyer at home and build up your own district.

GLEICHEN BRANCH, J. CAMERON, Manager



We wish everybody in the whole big world
his heart full of happiness.

We are happy because we are conscious of
having treated right everybody who has dealt
with us.

Make yourself happier (by coming in and
getting some new clothes.

Hicks Trading Co.

Revelstoke Sawmill Co., Limited.

We now have on hand a very complete and new
stock of all kinds of lumber, also a car of cement
and one of shingles. In fact our entire stock of
building material is

Brand New

and we respectfully invite you to
call and inspect same

No bill too large or none so small for us to furnish.
Call and let us give you a figure on that new house
or barn. Estimates cheerfully given. We make a
specialty of mail order competition and deliver the
goods, as promised.

Give us a Trial

C. L. FARROW, Local Mgr.

PROSPECT FARM

I am instructed by F. W. Crandall, owner of
"Prospect Farm", three miles northwest of Glei-
chen, that his interests are such he is not able to
give proper attention to this farm, and has placed
it in my hands for a short time to dispose of.

This is one of the best farms in this district,
and being so near in should make a fine house.
There is a spring on the place, and all usual
improvements.

Call on me at once for terms and conditions.

Thos. Henderson, Gleichen.

The Call wishes all its readers and friends a Happy New Year

GENTLEMEN

New Year's gifts for
the Ladies

Diamond Rings from \$20 up
Cameo rings from \$3 up
Solid gold brooches from \$3 to \$25
Solid gold avalliers \$10 to \$35
Solid gold watches from \$25 to \$50
Parisian ivory toilet sets \$8 to \$20
Genuine ebony toilet sets \$8 up
Genuine ebony manicure sets \$5 up
Come early and buy while our
stock is complete.

GAUDAUR'S NEW JEWELRY STORE, GLEICHEN